# MIDAS:

A BURLETTA, IN TWO ACTS,

By KANE O'HARA;

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL.

ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL DESIGNS,

**BY ROBERT CRUIKSHANK,**

ENGRAVED BY

P. CRUIKSHANK, W. C. WALKER, &c.

WITH INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

LONDON:

JOSEPH THOMAS, FINCH LANE, CORNHILL,

SOLD BY SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT.

*One Shilling.*

G. H. Davidson, Printer, Tudor Street, Blackfriars.

Down, Phœbus, down to earth, we'll hear no farther!

# MIDAS:

A BURLETTA, IN TWO ACTS,

By KANE O'HARA;

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL.

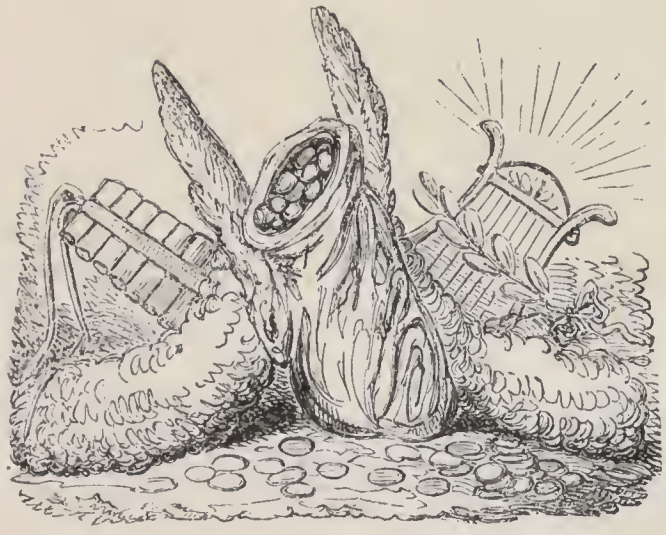
ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL DESIGNS,

**BY ROBERT CRUIKSHANK,**

ENGRAVED BY

P. CRUIKSHANK, W. C. WALKER, &c.

WITH INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.



LONDON:

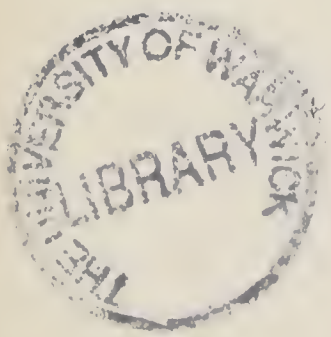
JOSEPH THOMAS, FINCH LANE, CORNHILL,

SOLD BY SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT.

1837.

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
WARWICK
LIBRARY

*The Gift of*
Mrs G.F. Hall




London: G. H. Davidson, Printer,
Tudor Street, Blackfriars.

002.7952

Midas was originally produced in three acts at the Crow-Street Theatre, Dublin, 1762, and was greatly successful; it was, however, less favourably received in England on its production at Covent Garden, February 22d, 1764, when it had a run of nine nights only. This has been attributed to its length, which has been reduced, as also to the indifferent manner in which some of the characters were supported. Mattocks was the original Apollo, Beard was Sileno, Dunstall was only respectable as Pan, while it was remarked of Dibdin, Baker, and Fawcett, who played Momus, Mercury, and Damætas, that they had neither voice nor humour. Shuter's Midas was excellent, as also were the Daphne and Nysa of the Misses Miller and Hallam. In more recent times, some of the best performers in this burletta have been Kelly as Apollo, Suett and Edwin as Midas, Dignum as Sileno, and Mrs. Bland and Mrs. Mountain as Nysa and Daphne. The piece gradually gained in public estimation, and it was continually played, but it was reserved for Sinclair, on its revival at Covent Garden, in 1812, to establish its reputation as one of the most popular burlettas of the English stage. It was produced with great splendour on the 17th of September, and drew crowded houses for fifty-four nights in one season. Sinclair is, probably, the best Apollo that has ever appeared, and his execution of the popular song of "Pray Goody," produced nearly the same effect that is attributed to the "Di tanti" of Rossini—its echo was universal and prolonged, it was heard in every house, and whistled in every street; and the busy hum of the court and mart was haunted by the omnipresent ghost of this favourite melody. Liston as Midas, and Emery as Pan, were, it will be easily believed, surpassingly excellent: the former still reigns supreme as his Worship, the latter will never be excelled. Mathews and Munden also have played Midas, alas! how

well. The fascinating Vestris almost rivals Sinclair—certainly she has never been surpassed by any other,—as Apollo; she supports the character with great vivacity and talent, but, will it be believed? there is a Critic! who, having seen both, admires neither—*Delectable Gander!*

The idea of Midas is taken from Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book XI., but the wit and humour of the piece, which are very considerable, are entirely O'Hara's; and while the story is dramatized with considerable skill, there is nothing in its construction, or in its dialogue, as it is now played, which can offend the ear of taste, or greatly shock the classic notions of the scholar. It is not more free from the grossness than the nonsense which distinguish "Cotton's Virgil Travestie," and even "Homer Burlesque," although the latter poem is, perhaps, the most clever of its kind existing. The great excellence of Midas, and which will always make it a favourite, is, that its burlesque is in general keeping with the proper characters which it displays. The author died June 17, 1728. J. T.

## Costume.

JUPITER.—Coronet, velvet shirt, satin robe, trimmed with gold, over a flesh dress; sandals, bracelets, belt, &c.

APOLLO.—First dress. White shirt, silver trimmed; blue drapery, &c. over flesh dress, sandals, wreath of laurels, sun on breast. Second dress. Dove-coloured ragged tunic, hat, broad belt, and russet sandals.

MERCURY.—Silver cap, with wings, blue shirt, white drapery, over flesh dress; slippers, with wings to the heels.

PAN.—Dark flesh dress, skin leggings and cloven feet, vine leaves and berries.

BACCHUS.—Leopard-skin shirt, wreath of vine-leaves and berries, over flesh dress.

MARS.—Helmet, breastplate and gauntlets, shirt and robe, over flesh dress.

MIDAS.—Black cocked hat, red feather, large velvet coat, embroidered waistcoat, satin breeches, silk stockings.

SILENO.—Large round hat, country coat and breeches, flowered waistcoat.

DAMÆTAS.—Cloth jacket, trimmed; flowered waistcoat, breeches and stockings of opposite colours.

JUNO.—A gold coronet, a silver tissue dress, scarlet and gold robe, flesh-coloured stockings, and sandals.

VENUS.—A silver tissue dress, blue drapery with stars, flesh dress and sandals, silver bandeau.

MINERVA.—Helmet and breastplate, scarlet robe, and spangled dress; sandals.

HEBE.—Spangled dress, blue drapery.

CUPID.—Silver over flesh dress, flowers, wings, &c.

NYSA AND DAPHNE.—Cottage dresses, trimmed.

MYSIS.—Old English velvet hat, jacket, apron, and scarlet petticoat, all trimmed with point; shoes to match.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

*R.* means *Right.*—*L. Left.*—C. *Centre.*

The lines distinguished by inverted commas (“) are omitted in the representation.

# MIDAS.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Curtain rising discovers the Heathen Deities, seated amidst the Clouds, in full Council: they address* JUPITER *in Chorus.*

*Chorus of all the Gods.*

Jove, in his chair,
Of the sky Lord May'r,
With his nods
Men and Gods
Keeps in awe;
When he winks,
Heaven shrinks;
When he speaks,
Hell squeaks;
Earth's globe is but his taw.
Cock of the school,
He bears despotic rule;
His word,
Tho' absurd,
Must be law.
Even Fate,
Tho' so great,
Must not prate;
His bald pate

Jove would cuff,
He's so bluff,
For a straw.
Cow'd deities,
Like mice in cheese,
To stir must cease,
Or gnaw.

JUP. (*Rising.*) Immortals, you have heard your plaintive sov'reign,
And culprit Sol's high crimes. Shall we who govern,
Brook spies upon us? Shall Apollo trample
On our commands; we'll make him an example.
As for you, Juno, curb your prying temper, or
We'll make you, to your cost, know—we're your emperor.

JUNO. I'll take the law. (*To* JUPITER.) My proctor, with a summons,
Shall cite you, sir, t'appear at Doctors' Commons.

JUP. Let him—but first I'll chase from heaven yon varlet,

JUNO. What, for detecting you and your vile harlot.

AIR—JUNO.

Think not, lewd Jove,
Thus to wrong my chaste love;
For, spite of your rakehelly godhead,
By day and by night,
Juno will have her right,
Nor be, of dues nuptial, defrauded.
I'll ferret the haunts
Of your female gallants;

In vain you in darkness enclose them;
Your favourite jades
I'll plunge to the shades,
Or into cows metamorphose them.

JUP. Peace, termagant—I swear by Styx, our thunder
Shall hurl him to the earth—nay, never wonder,
I've sworn it, gods.

APOLLO. Hold, hold, have patience,
Papa—No bowels for your own relations!

AIR—APOLLO.

Be by your friends advised,
Too harsh, too hasty dad!
Maugre your bolts, and wise head,
The world will think you mad.
What worse can Bacchus teach men,
His roaring bucks, when drunk,
Than break the lamps, beat watchmen,
And stagger to some punk?

JUP. You saucy scoundrel—there, sir—come Disorder,
Down Phœbus, down to earth, we'll hear no farther.
Roll, thunders, roll; blue lightnings flash about him;
The blab shall find our sky can do without him.

[*Thunder and lightning*—JUPITER *darts a bolt at* APOLLO, *who falls*—JUPITER *re-assumes his throne*, &c. *and the Gods all ascend together, singing the initial chorus*—"*Jove in his chair*," *&c.*

SCENE II.—*A champagne country with a distant village; violent storm of thunder and lightning. A shepherd sleeping in the field is roused by it, and runs off frighted,* L. *leaving his cloak, hat, and guitar behind him.* APOLLO *(as cast from heaven) falls to the earth, with a rude shock, and lies for a while stunned; at length he begins to move, rises, advances, and, looking forward, speaks; after which, enters to him* SILENO, L.

APOL. Zooks! what a crush! a pretty decent tumble!
Kind usage, Mr. Jove—sweet sir, your humble.
Well, down I am; no bones broke, tho' sore pepper'd!
Here doom'd to stay.—What can I do?—turn shepherd— [*Puts on the cloak, &c.*
A lucky thought,—in this disguise, Apollo
No more, but Pol the swain, some flock I'll follow.
Nor doubt I, with my voice, guitar, and person,
Among the nymphs to kick up some diversion.

SILENO. Whom have we here? a sightly clown!—and sturdy:
Hum—plays, I see, upon the hurdy-gurdy.
Seems out of place—a stranger,—all in tatters,
I'll hire him—he'll divert my wife and daughters.
—Whence, and what art thou, boy?

POL. An orphan lad, sir.
Pol is my name;—a shepherd once my dad, sir!
I' th' upper parts here—tho' not born to serving,
I'll now take on, for faith I'm almost starving.

SILENO. You've drawn a prize i' th' lottery.—So have I, too;
Why,—I'm the master you could best apply to.

We'll dance to your strum-strum.

DUET—APOLLO *and* SILENO.

SIL. Since you mean to hire for service,
Come with me, you jolly dog;
You can help to bring home harvest,
'Tend the sheep, and feed the hog.
Fa la la.

With three crowns, your standing wages,
You shall daintily be fed;
Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,
Butter-milk, and oaten bread. Fa la la.

Come, strike hands, you'll live in clover,
When we get you once at home,
And when daily labour 's over
We'll dance to your strum-strum.
Fa la la.

POL. I strike hands, I take your offer,
Farther on I may fare worse;
Zooks, I can no longer suffer
Hungry guts and empty purse, Fa la la.

SIL. Do strike hands; 'tis kind I offer;
POL. I strike hands, and take your offer;
SIL. Farther seeking, you'll fare worse;
POL. Farther on I may fare worse.
SIL. Pity such a lad should suffer,
POL. Zooks, I can no longer suffer,
SIL. Hungry guts and empty purse,
POL. Hungry guts and empty purse. Fa la la.

[*Exeunt, dancing and singing,* L.

## SCENE III.—Sileno's *Farm-House.*

*Enter* Daphne *and* Nysa, r. Mysis *following behind.*

Daph. But Nysa, how goes on 'squire Midas' courtship?

Nys. Your sweet Damætas, pimp to his great worship,
Brought me from him a purse;—but the conditions—
I've cur'd him, I believe, of such commissions.

Daph. The moon calf! This must blast him with my father.

Nys. Right. So we're rid of the two frights together.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!

Mysis. Heydey! what mare's nest's found?—For ever grinning:
Ye rantipoles—is't thus you mind your spinning?

Air—Mysis.

Girls are known
To mischief prone,
If ever they be idle.
Who would rear
Two daughters fair,
Must hold a steady bridle.
For here they skip,
And there they trip,
And this and that way sidle.
Giddy maids,
Poor silly jades,
All after men are gadding;
They flirt pell-mell,
Their train to swell,

Pray goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue.

To coxcomb, coxcomb adding:
To ev'ry fop
They're cock-a-hoop,
And set their mothers madding.

*Enter* SILENO, L. *introducing* POL.

SIL. Now, dame and girls, no more let's hear you grumble
At too hard toil;—I chanc'd just now to stumble
On this stout drudge—and hir'd him—fit for labour.
To 'em, lad—then he can play and sing and caper.

MYS. Fine rubbish to bring home; a strolling thrummer!
*To* POL.) What art thou good for? speak, thou ragged mummer?

NYS. Mother, for shame——

MYS. Peace, saucebox, or I'll maul you.

POL. Goody, my strength and parts you undervalue:
For his or your work, I'm brisk and handy.

DAPH. A sad cheat else——

MYS. What you, you jack-a-dandy?

AIR—POL.

Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue:
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember, when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is strong:
A stranger why will you despise?
Ply me,
Try me,
Prove, ere you deny me:
If you cast me
Off, you blast me,
Never more to rise.

Mys. Sirrah, this insolence deserves a drubbing.
Nys. With what sweet temper he bears all her snubbing!
Sil. Oons, no more words.——Go, boy, and get your dinner. [*Exit* Pol, r.
Sil. Fye, why so cross-grain'd to a young beginner?
Nys. So modest!
Daph. So genteel!
Sil. (*To* Mysis). Not pert, nor lumpish.
Mys. Would he were hang'd!
Nys. *and* Daph. La! mother, why so frumpish.

Quartet—Nysa, Daphne, Mysis, Sileno.

Nys. Mamma, how can you be so ill natur'd
To the gentle, handsome swain?
Daph. To a lad so limb'd, so featur'd,
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.
Sure 'tis cruel, &c.
Mys. Girls, for you, my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account:
Sil. Wife, in vain you teaze and vex me,
I will rule, depend upon't.
Nys. Ah! ah!
Daph. Mamma!

Nys. *and* Daph. Mamma, how can you be so ill-natur'd,
Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd and featur'd?

Nys. *and* Daph. To the gentle, handsome swain,
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain;

Nys. *and* Daph. Sure 'tis cruel to give pain;
To the gentle, handsome swain.

Mys. Girls, for you my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account.

SIL. Wife, in vain you teaze and vex me;
I will rule, depend upon't.

NYS. } Mamma!
MYS. } Psha! psha!

DAPH. } Papa,
SIL. } Ah! ah!

DAPH. } Mamma, how can you be so ill-natur'd,
SIL. } Psha, psha, you must not be so ill-natur'd,
NYS. } Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd, so featur'd?

DAPH. } To the gentle, handsome swain,
SIL. } He's a gentle, handsome swain,
NYS. } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,
MYS. } 'Tis my pleasure to give pain.

DAPH. } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,
SIL. } He's a gentle, handsome swain,
NYS. } To the gentle, handsome swain,
MYS. } To your odious, fav'rite swain.

[*Exeunt*, R.

*Enter* MIDAS *and* DAMÆTAS, L.

MID. Nysa, you say, refus'd the guineas British.
DAM. Ah! please your worship—she is wond'rous skittish.
MID. I'll have her, cost what 'twill. Odsbobs—I'll force her——
DAM. The halter——
MID. As for madam; I'll divorce her——
Some favoured lout incog. our bliss opposes.
DAM. Ay, Pol, the hind puts out of joint our noses.
MID. I've heard of that Pol's tricks, of—his sly tampering,
To fling poor Pan, but I'll soon send him scampering.

'Sblood, I'll commit him—drive him to the gallows!
Where is old Pan?

DAM. Tippling, sir, at th' ale-house.

MID. Run, fetch him—we shall hit on some expedient,
To rout this Pol.

DAM. I fly; (*Going, returns.*) sir, your obedient.
[*Exit*, L.

MID. What boots my being 'squire,
Justice of peace, and quorum;
Churchwarden, knight o' th' shire,
And custos rotulorum;
If saucy little Nysa's heart rebellious,
My 'squireship slights, and hankers after fellows?

AIR.—MIDAS.

Shall a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,
Dare my amours to cross?
Shall a peasant minx, when Justice Midas woos,
Her nose up at him toss?
No: I'll kidnap—then possess her:
I'll sell her Pol a slave, get mundungus in exchange:
So glut to the height of pleasure
My love and my revenge.
No: I'll kidnap, &c. [*Exit*, R.

SCENE VII.—*Front of a Village Alehouse.*

PAN *is discovered sitting at a table, with a tankard, pipes, and tobacco before him, his bagpipes lying by him.*

AIR—PAN.

Jupiter wenches and drinks,
He rules the roast in the sky;
Yet he's a fool, if he thinks
That he's as happy as I;

Juno rates him
And grates him,
And leads his highness a weary life;
I have my lass,
And my glass,
And stroll a bachelor's merry life.
Let him fluster,
And bluster,
Yet cringe to his harridan's furbelow;
To my fair tulips,
I glue lips,
And clink the cannikin here below.

*Enter* DAMÆTAS, L.

DAM. There sits the old soaker, his pate troubling little
How the world wags, so he gets drink and vittle.
Hoa, master Pan, 'gad you've trod on a thistle!
You may pack up your all, sir, and go whistle.
The wenches have turn'd tail, to yon buck ranter—
Tickled by his guitar, they scorn your chanter.

AIR.—DAMÆTAS.

All round the May-pole how they trot,
Hot,
Pot,
And good ale have got;
Routing,
Shouting,
At you flouting,
Fleering,
Jeering,
And what not

There is old Sileno frisks like a mad
Lad,
Glad
To see us sad:
Cap'ring,
Vap'ring;
While Pol, scraping,
Coaxes
The lasses
As he did the dad. [*Exit*, R.

*Enter* MYSIS, L.

MYS. O, Pan! the devil to pay, both my sluts frantic!
Both in their tantrums, for yon cap'ring antic.
But I'll go seek 'em all, and if I find 'em,
I'll drive 'em, as if Old Nick were behind 'em.
[*Going*, L.

PAN. Soa, soa—don't flounce;
Avast—disguise your fury.
Pol we shall trounce;
Midas is judge and jury.

AIR.—MYSIS.

Sure I shall run with vexation distracted,
To see my purposes thus counteracted!
This way or that way, or which way soever,
All things run contrary to my endeavour.
Daughters projecting,
Their ruin and shame,
Fathers neglecting
The care of their fame;
Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper;
Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he pays the piper.
[*Exeunt*, R.

O Pan! the devil to pay, both my sluts frantic!

SCENE X.—*A wood and lawn, near* SILENO'S *farm, flocks grazing at a distance—A tender, slow symphony* —DAPHNE *crosses, melancholic and silent, from* L. *to* R., NYSA *watching her, then* DAPHNE *returns, running.*

NYSA. O ho; is it so—Miss Daphne in the dumps?
Mum—snug's the word—I'll lead her such a dance
Shall make her stir her stumps.
To all her secret haunts,
Like a shadow, I'll follow and watch her;
And, faith, mamma shall hear on't if I catch her.
[*Retires,* R.

DAPH. La, how my heart goes pit-a-pat; what thumping,
E'er since my father brought us home this bumpkin.

AIR—DAPHNE.

He's as tight a lad to see to,
As e'er stepp'd in leather shoe,
And what's better, he'll love me, too,
And to him I'll prove true blue.
Though my sister casts a hawk's eye,
I defy what she can do,—
He o'erlook'd the little doxy,
I'm the girl he means to woo.
Hither I stole out to meet him,
He'll no doubt my steps pursue.
If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;
If he's false—I'll fit him, too.

*Enter* POL, L.

POL. Think o' the devil, 'tis said,
He's at your shoulder:
This wench was running in my head,
And pop, behold her.

AIR.—POL.

Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish;
At your feet, a tender swain
Prays you will not let him languish,
One kind look would ease his pain.
Did you know the lad who courts you,
He not long need sue in vain:
Prince of song, of dance, of sports—you
Scarce will meet his like again.

DAPH. Sir, you're such an olio
Of perfection in folio,
No damsel can resist you:
Your face so attractive,
Limbs so supple and active,
That by this light,
At the first sight,
I could have run and kiss'd you.

AIR—DAPHNE.

If you can caper, as well as you can modulate,
With the addition of that pretty face,
Pan, who was held by our shepherds a God o' late,
Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.
His beard so frowsy, his gestures so awkward are,
And his bagpipe has so drowsy a drone,
That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,
You may count on all the girls as your own.

MYS. (*From within.*) Pol, Pol, make haste, come hither.

POL. Death! what a time to call;
Oh, rot your old lungs of leather.
B'ye, Daph.

DAPH. B'ye, Pol. [*Exit* POL, L.

*Enter* NYSA, R.

NYS. Marry, come up, forsooth,
Is't me, you forward vixen,
You choose to play your tricks on :
And could your liquorish tooth
Find none but my sweetheart to fix on.
DAPH. Marry, come up again,
Indeed, my dirty cousin !
Have you a right to every swain ?
NYS. Ay, though a dozen.

DUET—DAPHNE *and* NYSA.

DAPH. My minikin miss, do you fancy that Pol
Can ever be caught by an infant's dol ?
NYS. Can you, Miss Maypole, suppose he will fall
In love with the giantess of Guildhall ?
DAPH. Pigmy elf,
NYS. Colossus itself,
BOTH. You will lie till you're mouldy upon the shelf.
DAPH. You stump o' th' gutter, you hop o' my thumb,
A husband for you must from Lilliput come.
NYS. You stalking steeple, you gawky stag,
Your husband must come from Brogdignag.
DAPH. Sour grapes,
NYS. Lead apes,
BOTH. I'll humble your vanity, Mistress Trapes.
DAPH. Miss, your assurance,
NYS. And, miss, your high airs,
DAPH. Is past all endurance,
NYS. Are at their last pray'rs.
DAPH. No more of those freedoms, Miss Nysa, I beg.
NYS. Miss Daphne's conceit must be lower'd a peg.

DAPH. } Poor spite!
NYS. } Pride hurt!
DAPH. } Liver white!
NYS. } Rare sport!
DAPH. } Do, show your teeth, spitfire, do, but you can't bite,
NYS. } This haughtiness soon will be laid in the dirt.
Poor spite, &c.
Pride hurt, &c. [*Exeunt*, L.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

# ACT II.

## SCENE I.—*A Grove.*

*Enter* NYSA, *followed by* MIDAS, L.

MID. Turn, tigress, turn; nay, fly not—
I have thee at a why not.
How comes it, little Nysy,
That heart, to me so icy,
Should be to Pol like tinder,
Burnt up to a very cinder?

NYS. Sir, to my virtue ever steady,
Firm as a rock
I scorn your shock?
But why this attack?
A miss can you lack,
Who have a wife already?

MID. Ay, there's the curse—but she is old and sickly;
And would my Nysa grant the favour quickly,
Would she yield now—I swear by the Lord Harry,
The moment madam's coffin'd, her I'll marry.

AIR—MIDAS.

O, what pleasures will abound,
When my wife is laid in ground!
Let earth cover her,
We'll dance over her,
When my wife is laid in ground.

Oh, how happy should I be,
Would little Nysa pig with me!
How I'd mumble her,
Touze and tumble her,
Would little Nysa pig with me.

NYS. Young birds alone are caught with chaff—
At your base scheme I laugh.

MID. Yet take my vows.

NYS. I would not take your bond, sir.

MID. Half my estate—

NYS. No, nor the whole, my fond sir.

AIR—NYSA.

Ne'er will I be left i' the lurch;
Cease your bribes and wheedling:
Till I'm made a bride i' the church,
I'll keep man from meddling.
What are riches,
And soft speeches,
Baits and fetches,
To bewitch us,
When you've won us.
And undone us,
Cloy'd you shun us,
Frowning on us,
For our heedless peddling. [*Exit*, R.

MIDAS—*Solus*.

MID. Well, master Poll I'll tickle,—
For him, at least, I have a rod in pickle.
When he's in limbo,
Not thus our hoity-toity miss
Will stick her arms a-kimbo.

*Enter* PAN, L,

PAN. So, 'squire, well met—I flew to know your business,

MID. Why, Pan, this Pol we must bring down upon his knees.

PAN. That were a feat indeed; a feat to brag on.

MID. Let's home—we'll there concert it o'er a flagon
I'll make him skip—

PAN. As St. George did the dragon.

AIR—PAN.

If into your hen-yard,
The treacherous reynard
Steals slily, your poultry to ravage,
With gun you attack him,
With beagles you track him,
All's fair to destroy the fell savage.
So Pol, who comes picking
Up my tender chicken,
No means do I scruple to banish;
With power I'll o'erbear him,
With fraud I'll ensnare him,
By hook or by crook he shall vanish.

[*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before* MIDAS's *House.*

*Enter* NYSA, R.

NYS. Good lack! what is come o'er me?
Daphne has stepp'd before!
Envy and love devour me,
Pol doats upon her phiz hard,
'Tis that sticks in my gizzard,

Midas appears now twenty times more hideous,
Ah, Nysa, what resource ?—a cloister.
Death alive——yet thither must I run,
And turn a nun,
Prodigious !

AIR—NYSA.

In these greasy old tatters
His charms brighter shine :
Then his guitar he clatters
With tinkling divine :
But my sister,
Ah ! he kiss'd her,
And he pass'd me by ;
I'm jealous
Of the fellow's
Bad taste and blind eye. [*Exit*, L.

SCENE III.—MIDAS's *Parlour*.

MIDAS, MYSIS, *and* PAN, *in consultation over a large bowl of punch, with pipes and tobacco.*

MID. Come, Pan, your toast——
PAN. Here goes,—Our noble Umpire !
MYS. And Pol's defeat—I'll pledge it in a bumper.
MID. Hang him ! in every scheme that whelp has cross'd us.
MYS. Sure, he's the devil himself ;
PAN. Or Doctor Faustus.
MYS. Ah, 'squire !—for Pan would you but stoutly stickle,
This Pol would soon be in a wretched pickle.
PAN. You reason right——
MID. His toby I shall tickle.

Let's take one bouze, and roar a catch.

MYS. Look, squire, I've sold my butter, here its price is
At your command, do but this job for Mysis.
Count 'em—six guineas and an old Jacobus,
Keep Pan, and shame that scapegrace *coram nobis*.

MID. Goody, as 'tis your request,
I pocket this here stuff;
And as for that there peasant,
Trust me, I'll work his buff.
At the musical struggle
I'll bully and juggle;
My award
Your sure card;
Blood, he shall fly his country—that's enough.

PAN. Well said, my lad of wax.

MID. Let's end the tankard,
I have no head for business till I've drank hard.

PAN. Nor have my guts brains in them till they're addle,
When I'm most rocky I best sit my saddle.

MID. Well, come, let's take one bouze, and roar a catch,
Then part to our affairs.

PAN. A match.

MYS. A match.

TRIO—MIDAS, PAN, *and* MYSIS.

MID. Master Poll,
And his toll-de-roll-loll,
I'll buffet away from the plain, sir.

PAN. And I'll assist
Your worship's fist
With all my might and main, sir.

Mys. And I'll have a thump,
Though he is so plump,
And make such a wounded racket.
Mid. I'll bluff,
Pan. I'll rough,
Mys. I'll huff,
Mid. I'll cuff,
Omn. And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.
Mid. For all his cheats,
And wenching feats,
He shall rue on his knees 'em.
O skip, by goles,
As high as Paul's,
Like ugly witch on besom;
Arraign'd he shall be,
Of treason to me!
Pan. And I with my davy will back it,
I'll swear,
Mid. I'll snare,
Mys. I'll tear,
Omn. O rare!
And I'll warrant we'll pepper his jacket.
[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE IV.—*Enter* Sileno *and* Damætas *in warm argument*, L.

Sil. My Daph a wife for thee; the squire's base pander!
To the plantations sooner would I send her.
Dam. Sir, your good wife approv'd my offers.
Sil. Name her not, hag of Endor,
What knew she of thee but thy coffers?

DAM. And shall this ditch-born whelp, this jack-an-apes,
By dint of congees and of scrapes——
SIL. These are thyslanders and that canker'dhag's—
DAM. A thing made up of pilfer'd rags——
SIL. Richer than thou with all thy brags,
Of flocks and herds, and money bags.

DUET—SILENO *and* DAMÆTAS.

If a rival thy character draw,
In perfection he'll find out a flaw ;
With black he will paint,
Make a de'il of a saint,
And change to an owl a macaw.
DAM. Can a father pretend to be wise,
Who his friend's good advice would despise ?
Who, when danger is nigh,
Throws his spectacles by,
And blinks through a green girl's eyes ?
SIL. You're an impudent pimp and a grub.
DAM. You are fool'd by a beggarly scrub ;
Your betters you snub.
SIL. Who will lend me a club,
This insolent puppy to drub ?
You're an impudent pimp and a grub.
DAM. You're cajoled by a beggarly scrub,
SIL. Who will rot in a powdering tub,
DAM. Whom the prince of impostors I dub ;
SIL. A guinea for a club,
DAM. Your bald pate you'll rub,
SIL. This muckworm to drub.
DAM. When you find that your cub

SIL. Rub off, sirrah, rub, sirrah, rub.
DAM. Is debauch'd by a whipp'd syllabub.

*Enter* MYSIS, *attended by* DAPHNE *and* NYSA, L.

MYS. Soh!—you attend the trial—we shall drive hence
Your vagabond——
SIL. I smoke your foul contrivance.
DAPH. Ah, Nys, our fate depends upon this issue—
NYS. Daph, for your sake, my claim I here forego;
And with your Pol much joy I wish you.
DAPH. O, gemini, say'st thou me so?
Dear creature, let me kiss you.
NYS. Let's kneel, and beg his stay, papa will back us.
DAPH. Mamma will storm.
NYS. What then? she can but whack us.

QUINTET—DAPHNE, NYSA, MYSIS, SILENO, *and* DAMÆTAS.

DAPH. Mother, sure you never
Will endeavour
To dissever
From my favour
So sweet a swain;
None so clever
E'er trod the plain.
NYS. Father, hopes you gave her,
Don't deceive her,
Can you leave her
Sunk for ever
In pining care?
Haste and save her
From black despair.

DAPH. Think of his modest grace,
His voice, shape, and face;
NYS. Hearts alarming,
DAPH. Bosoms warming,
NYS. Wrath disarming,
DAPH. With his soft lay:
NYS. He's so charming,
Ay, let him stay,
BOTH. He's so charming, &c.
MYS. Sluts, you are lost to shame?
SIL. Wife, wife, be more tame.
MYS. This is madness!
SIL. Sober sadness!
MYS. I with gladness
Could see him swing,
For his badness.
SIL. 'Tis no such thing.
DAM. Must Pan resign to this fop his employment?
Must I to him yield of Daph the enjoyment?
MYS. Ne'er while a tongue I brandish,
Fop outlandish,
Daph shall blandish.
DAM. Will you reject my income,
Herds and clinkum?
SIL. Rot and sink 'em.
DAM. Midas must judge.
MYS. And Pol must fly.
SIL. Zounds, Pol sha'nt budge:
MYS. You lie;
DAM. You lie;
MYS. }
DAM. } You lie, you lie.
SIL. }

NYS. Pan's drone is fit for wild rocks and bleak mountains;
DAPH. Pol's lyre suits best our cool grots and clear fountains.
NYS. Pol is young and merry,
DAPH. Light and airy,
SIL. As a fairy.
NYS. Pan is old and musty;
DAPH. Stiff and fusty;
SIL. Sour and crusty.
DAPH. Can you banish Pol?
NYS. No, no, no, no;
Let Pan fall.
DAPH. Ay, let him go.
NYS. }
DAPH. } Ay, let him go.
SIL. }

MIDAS *comes forth enraged, attended by a crowd of Nymphs and Swains, from the upper part of the stage.*

MID. Peace, ho! is hell broke loose? what means this jawing?
Under my very nose this clapper clawing!

AIR—MIDAS.

What the devil's here to do,
Ye logger-heads and gipsies!
Sirrah you, and hussy you,
And each of you tipsy is;
But I'll as sure pull down your pride as
A gun, or as I'm Justice Midas.

CHORUS—NYMPHS *and* SWAINS.

O, tremendous Justice Midas!
Who shall oppose wise Justice Midas?

MID. I'm given to understand that you're all in a pother here.
Disputing whether Pan or Pol shall pipe to you another year,
Dare you think your clumsy lugs so proper to decide as
The delicate ears of Justice Midas?

CHORUS—O, tremendous, &c.

MID. So, you allow it then, ye mobbish rabble?

*Enter* POL, R. *and* PAN, L. *severally*.

Oh, here come Pol and Pan—now stint your gabble.
Fetch my great chair,—I'll quickly end this squabble.

AIR—MIDAS.

Now I'm seated,
I'll be treated
Like the sophi on his throne;
In my presence,
Scoundrel peasants
Shall not call their souls their own.
My behest is,
He who best is,
Shall be fix'd musician chief;
Ne'er the loser
Shall show nose here,
But be transported like a thief.

CHORUS—O, tremendous, &c.

DAM. Masters, will you abide by this condition?
PAN. I ask no better.

POL. I'm all submission.
PAN. Strike up, sweet sir.
POL. Sir, I attend your leisure.
MID. Pan, take the lead.
PAN. Since 'tis your worship's pleasure.

AIR--PAN.

A pox on your pother about this or that;
Your shrieking or squeaking, a sharp or a flat;
I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're a flat, master Pol;
So here goes a set-to at toll-de-roll-loll.

When Beauty her pack of poor lovers would hamper,
And after Miss Will o'th' Whisp the fools scamper;
Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol:
Pray what's all this fuss for, but——toll-de-roll-loll.

Mankind are a medley——a chance medley race;
All start in full cry, to give dame Fortune chace:
There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck is all;
And luck's the best tune of life's toll-de-roll-loll.

I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too long;
MID. Not at all,
I only meant life is but an old song:
The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll;
Where all act the scene of toll-de-roll-loll.

MID. By jingo, well perform'd for one of his age;
How, hang dog, don't you blush to show your visage?
POL. Why master Midas, for that matter,
'Tis enough to dash one,
To hear the arbitrator,
In such unseemly fashion,
One of the candidates bespatter
With so much partial passion.

[*Midas falls asleep.*

AIR—POL.

Ah, happy hours, how fleeting,
Ye danc'd on down away;
When my soft vows repeating,
At Daphne's feet I lay!

But from her charms when sunder'd,
As Midas' frowns presage,
Each hour will seem an hundred;
Each day appear an age.

CHORUS—A Pol! A Pol! A Pan! A Pan!

MID. Silence—this just decree, all at your peril,
Obedient hear——else I shall use you very ill.

THE DECREE.

Pan shall remain;
Pol quit the plain.

CHORUS—Oh tremendous, &c.

MID. All bow with me to mighty Pan——enthrone him——
No pouting——and with festal chorus crown him——

[*The Crowd form two ranks beside the chair, and join in the Chorus, whilst* MIDAS *crowns him with bays.*]

CHORUS.

See triumphant sits the bard,
Crown'd with bays, his due reward;
Exil'd Pol shall wander far;
Exil'd twang his faint guitar;
While with echoing shouts of praise,
We the bagpipe's glory raise.

MID. 'Tis well.—What keeps your here, you ragamuffin?
Go trudge—or do you wait for a good cuffing?

POL. Now, all attend.

[*Throws off his disguise, and appears as* APOLLO.

The wrath of Jove, for rapine,
Corruption, lust, pride, fraud, there's no escaping.
Tremble, thou wretch; thou stretch'dst thy utmost tether;
Thou and thy tools shall go to pot together.

AIR—POL.

Dunce, I did but sham,
For Apollo I am,
God of Music, and king of Parnass;
Thy scurvy decree,
For Pan against me,
I reward with the ears of an ass.

[*Midas's wig falls off, and the ears of an ass appear on his head.*

MID. Detected, balk'd, and small.
On our marrow-bones we fall.
MYS. Be merciful.
DAM. Be pitiful.
MID. Forgive us, mighty Sol.—Alas! alas!

AIR—APOLLO.

APOL. Thou a Billingsgate quean, [*To* MYS.
Thou a pander obscene, [*To* DAM.
With strumpets and bailiffs shall class;
Thou, driven from man, [*To* MID.
Shalt wander with Pan,
He a stinking old goat, thou an ass, an ass, &c.,
Be thou Squire—his estate [*To* SIL.
To thee I translate.

I reward with the ears of an ass.

To you his strong chests, wicked mass;
[*To* DAPH. *and* NYS.
Live happy, while I,
Recall'd to the sky,
Make all the gods laugh at Midas.

" DAPH } *Together with* } To the bright God of day,
" SIL. } *the other* } Let us dance, sing, and play;
" MYS. } *Nymphs and* } Clap hands every lad with his
*Swains.* lass;

" DAPH. Now, critics, lie snug,
" Not a hiss, groan, or shrug;
" Remember the fate of Midas,
" Midas;
" Remember the fate of Midas.
" CHORUS—Now, critics, lie snug," &c.

The scene usually changes, discovering the Gods as in the opening scene of the Burletta. Apollo is married by Jupiter, and the Gods ascend, singing in clouds " Jove in his chair."

# WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

## JOSEPH THOMAS, 1, FINCH LANE.

Dedicated, by permission, to the Rev. J. R. MAJOR, Head Master to King's College School, price 6s.

POPULAR GEOGRAPHY; being a Companion to Thomas's Library Atlas, or to Thomas's Imperial School Atlas; containing a description of the Earth, with its natural and artificial divisions, according to the last and best authorities; forming a Compendium of Physical and General Geography,—for the use of Schools and Families. By Rowland Bond, Professor of Geography and Mathematics, and Lecturer at the London Institution.

"A book that well bears out its title, which can hardly be said of any other of the compendious elementary treatises on this useful and ill-taught branch of knowledge."—*Spectator.*

"Of all the elementary works on geography with which we are acquainted, this appears to us the best,—as a school-book, or for families, it will be found of rare value."—*New Monthly Mag.*

"The arrangements Mr. Bond has adopted are most judicious; indeed he has treated Geography as it deserves to be treated, even in this elementary work—as a science."—*Metropolitan Mag.*

---

In half-morocco, price 14s. plain, or 21s. coloured, or with the Companion, 27s.

THOMAS'S LIBRARY ATLAS, *of Modern and Ancient Geography.*

Every Map is beautifully engraved, from Original Drawings, according to the most recent authorities, carefully revised by eminent Geographical Professors.

"The work is well engraved, remarkably elegant and attractive, and very accurate."—*New Monthly Mag.*

"The Divisions are distinctly and accurately delineated; the lettering is well executed, and the longitudes and latitudes are clearly marked."

*United Service Journal.*

---

Price 10s. plain, or 14s. coloured,
THOMAS'S LIBRARY ATLAS.—MODERN.

Price 6s. plain, or 8s. coloured,
THOMAS'S LIBRARY ATLAS.—CLASSICAL.

---

Price 12s. plain, or 16s. coloured,
THOMAS'S IMPERIAL SCHOOL ATLAS, *of Modern and Ancient Geography*, containing Forty-four Maps, beautifully engraved, from the best authorities, by Lizars and others.

Price 2s. 6d. cloth,

POPULAR STATISTICS and *Universal Geography; a Perpetual Companion to the Almanacs;* containing the Length, Breadth, Population, Chief Cities, Produce, Government, &c. of every State in the World; many Curious and Useful Tables; and an engraved Chart of the World, after Mercator's Projection.

"Without exaggeration, it contains a larger body of information than was ever before compressed into so small a space, or sold at so low a price."

—— *Metrop. Mag.*

Half-roan at 10s. 6d., or in Six Numbers, at 1s. 6d. each,

THE GALLERY OF PAINTINGS, of the late BENJAMIN WEST, P. R. A. Historical Painter to his Majesty. Engraved in Outline by Hy. Moses, Esq.

"Well-known subjects from West's pencil; engraved by Moses, with his equally well-known firmness, correctness, and beauty of outline."—*Literary Gazette.*

---

Price 3s. boards, or 3s. 6d. half-morocco,

THE CHILD'S OWN HISTORY OF FRANCE, illustrated with Authentic Portraits of its Kings, from Pharamond to Louis Philippe, and an engraved Frontispiece of Napoleon crossing the Alps, from the celebrated picture by David.

"We do not notice juvenile books except when they are particularly excellent. This is a little volume very prettily got up, and is a most appropriate present for the young."

*New Monthly Mag.*

"A concise and proper History of France, very appropriate for juvenile readers."

—— *Lit. Gaz.*

Price 2s. 6d.

THE GODS OF HOMER & VIRGIL; *or, Mythology for Children.* Containing an account of the Deities of Greece and Rome, illustrated by copious extracts from the best translations of the Ancient Poets. With an engraved Frontispiece, and a series of beautiful Wood-cuts, by the first Artists. By the Authors of the "Pearl, or Daily Refreshment for Christians," &c. &c. &c.

---

In a case, price 1s. 6d. coloured,

THE JUVENILE MYRIORAMA, a series of Landscapes, on card, capable of Millions of Combinations, each forming a distinct subject, for the amusement and instruction of Youth in the art of Drawing.

Just published, with an engraved Frontispiece, price 5s. elegantly bound,

TINTS OF TALENT, from many Pencils. Consisting of Original Articles in Prose and Verse, by

The Authoress of "Evenings Abroad, Sketches of Corfu."
The Authoress of "Woman's Love."
Mrs. Crawford.
Miss M. L. Beevor.
Viscount Glentworth.
James Montgomery.
John Clare.
The Author of "Brambletye House."
The Hermit in London.
Maurice Harcourt.
J. E. Carpenter.
John Francis.
W. L. Gane.
G. Moir Bussey, &c. &c. &c.

---

Second Edition.

Just published, price 2s. 6d., elegantly bound, with an Engraved Frontisplece,

THE BOOK OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY; *or, the Toilette of Rank and Fashion;* embracing instructions for the judicious treatment and improvement of the Person; and for the avoidance of Cosmetics, &c. of an injurious tendency.

By J. P. Forsyth, Esq., Surgeon,
Author of the "Medical Dictionary," "Dictionary of Diet," &c. &c.

---

Price 4s. 6d. half-bd. in mor. gilt edges,

RAINBOW SKETCHES; in prose and verse. By JOHN FRANCIS, author of "Sunshine: or, Lays for Ladies." Illustrated with six engravings.

"We earnestly beg the ladies to take this elegantly produced publication under their especial protection. They will find it extremely elegant light reading, mixed up with just enough of the acid of satire to prevent its sweetness from cloying."—*Metropolitan.*

---

Price 1s.

EMANCIPATION, or the 1st of August, 1834. A splendid Engraving, in mezzotint, by Gleadah, from the celebrated Painting by Rippingille, in memory of the total abolition of Negro Slavery in the British Colonies.

---

Price 1s. 6d.

THOMAS'S ROAD GUIDE FROM LONDON to TUNBRIDGE WELLS, through Lewisham, Bromley, Farnborough, Seven Oaks, and Tunbridge. With a Map. By James Phippen.

---

Price 1s. 6d.

THOMAS'S COAST OF SUSSEX.—*A Guide to all the Watering Places of that delightful Country;* being a splendidly engraved Map, illustrated with Views of Arundel Castle and Battle Abbey Gate House.

The greatest obstacle to learning the French Language entirely removed.

Just published, price 1s.

PRIDEAUX'S CONCISE RULES for acquiring the Genders of French Nouns. Price 1s.

"The clearest and most complete of all the numerous publications on the subject."—*P. F. Merlet,* Professor of French to the London University.

"A capital little performance on a grammatical branch, than which there is none more perplexing to the foreign writer or speaker."—*Literary Gazette.*

---

Just published, price 1s.

JUVENILE ASTRONOMY, *or the Solar System in Verse;* with explanatory Notes, and numerous highly-finished Engravings.

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD,
Author of a new and improved System of Stenography.

---

Price 1s., reduced from 2s.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD, illustrated with eight exquisitely finished Wood-cuts, from Drawings by Harvey, engraved by Thomson, Nesbit, S. Williams, Jackson, Branston & Wright.

---

Price 1s. 6d., reduced from 2s. 6d.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL GREEN, illustrated with eight exquisitely finished Wood-cuts, from Drawings by Harvey, engraved by Jackson, Nesbit, Thompson, S. and T. Williams, Wright, and Branston.

A few copies may be had printed *entirely* on India paper, price 2s. 6d. each.

---

THE SHAKSPEARE FORGERIES, 8vo. price 1s. 6d.

VORTIGERN. By the late W. H. IRELAND. Represented at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, April 2, 1796, as a supposed newly discovered drama of Shakspeare's, with a fac-simile of the original manuscript, and an original Preface, written expressly for this edition, by Mr. Ireland, shortly before his decease, and containing a very curious history of his fabrication of the Shakspeare Papers.

---

Price One Shilling,

THE ANTISEPTIC MANUAL; *or, the Art of Preserving every description of Alimentary Substances,*—Animal and Vegetable, for any length of time, in domestic use, for long voyages, and in hot climates.

"Really a very useful little work; it contains much valuable information upon matters which concern us at our daily meals."—*Sunday Herald.*

# WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

## JOSEPH THOMAS, 1, FINCH LANE.

Dedicated, by permission, to the Rev. J. R. MAJOR, Head Master to King's College School, price 6s.

POPULAR GEOGRAPHY; being a Companion to Thomas's Library Atlas, or to Thomas's Imperial School Atlas; containing a description of the Earth, with its natural and artificial divisions, according to the last and best authorities; forming a Compendium of Physical and General Geography,—for the use of Schools and Families. By Rowland Bond, Professor of Geography and Mathematics, and Lecturer at the London Institution.

"A book that well bears out its title, which can hardly be said of any other of the compendious elementary treatises on this useful and ill-taught branch of knowledge."—*Spectator.*

"Of all the elementary works on geography with which we are acquainted, this appears to us the best,—as a school-book, or for families, it will be found of rare value."—*New Monthly Mag.*

"The arrangements Mr. Bond has adopted are most judicious; indeed he has treated Geography as it deserves to be treated, even in this elementary work—as a science."—*Metropolitan Mag.*

---

In half-morocco, price 14s. plain, or 21s. coloured, or with the Companion, 27s.

THOMAS'S LIBRARY ATLAS, *of Modern and Ancient Geography.*

Every Map is beautifully engraved, from Original Drawings, according to the most recent authorities, carefully revised by eminent Geographical Professors.

"The work is well engraved, remarkably elegant and attractive, and very accurate."—*New Monthly Mag.*

"The Divisions are distinctly and accurately delineated; the lettering is well executed, and the longitudes and latitudes are clearly marked."

*United Service Journal.*

---

Price 10s. plain, or 14s. coloured,

THOMAS'S LIBRARY ATLAS.—MODERN.

Price 6s. plain, or 8s. coloured,

THOMAS'S LIBRARY ATLAS.—CLASSICAL.

---

Price 12s. plain, or 15s. coloured,

THOMAS'S IMPERIAL SCHOOL ATLAS, *of Modern and Ancient Geography*, containing Forty-four Maps, beautifully engraved, from the best authorities, by Lizars and others.

Price 2s. 6d. cloth,

POPULAR STATISTICS and *Universal Geography; a Perpetual Companion to the Almanacs;* containing the Length, Breadth, Population, Chief Cities, Produce, Government, &c. of every State in the World; many Curious and Useful Tables; and an engraved Chart of the World, after Mercator's Projection.

"Without exaggeration, it contains a larger body of information than was ever before compressed into so small a space, or sold at so low a price."

—— *Metrop. Mag.*

Half-roan at 10s. 6d., or in Six Numbers, at 1s. 6d. each,

THE GALLERY OF PAINTINGS, of the late BENJAMIN WEST, P. R. A. Historical Painter to his Majesty. Engraved in Outline by Hy. Moses, Esq.

"Well-known subjects from West's pencil; engraved by Moses, with his equally well-known firmness, correctness, and beauty of outline."—*Literary Gazette.*

---

Price 3s. boards, or 3s. 6d. half-morocco,

THE CHILD'S OWN HISTORY OF FRANCE, illustrated with Authentic Portraits of its Kings, from Pharamond to Louis Philippe, and an engraved Frontispiece of Napoleon crossing the Alps, from the celebrated picture by David.

"We do not notice juvenile books except when they are particularly excellent. This is a little volume very prettily got up, and is a most appropriate present for the young."

*New Monthly Mag.*

"A concise and proper History of France, very appropriate for juvenile readers."

—— *Lit. Gaz.*

Price 2s. 6d.

THE GODS OF HOMER & VIRGIL; *or, Mythology for Children.* Containing an account of the Deities of Greece and Rome, illustrated by copious extracts from the best translations of the Ancient Poets. With an engraved Frontispiece, and a series of beautiful Wood-cuts, by the first Artists. By the Authors of the "Pearl, or Daily Refreshment for Christians," &c. &c. &c.

---

In a case, price 1s. 6d. coloured,

THE JUVENILE MYRIORAMA, a series of Landscapes, on card, capable of Millions of Combinations, each forming a distinct subject, for the amusement and instruction of Youth in the art of Drawing.

Just published, with an engraved Frontispiece, price 5s. elegantly bound,
TINTS OF TALENT, from many Pencils. Consisting of Original Articles in Prose and Verse, by
The Authoress of "Evenings Abroad, Sketches of Corfu."
The Authoress of "Woman's Love."
Mrs. Crawford.
Miss M. L. Beevor.
Viscount Glentworth.
James Montgomery.
John Clare.
The Author of "Brambletye House."
The Hermit in London.
Maurice Harcourt.
J. E. Carpenter.
John Francis.
W. L. Gane.
G. Moir Bussey, &c. &c. &c.

Second Edition.
Just published, price 2s. 6d., elegantly bound, with an Engraved Frontisplece,
THE BOOK OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY; *or, the Toilette of Rank and Fashion;* embracing instructions for the judicious treatment and improvement of the Person; and for the avoidance of Cosmetics, &c. of an injurious tendency.
By J. P. Forsyth, Esq., Surgeon,
Author of the "Medical Dictionary," "Dictionary of Diet," &c. &c.

Price 4s. 6d. half-bd. in mor. gilt edges,
RAINBOW SKETCHES; in prose and verse. By JOHN FRANCIS, author of "Sunshine: or, Lays for Ladies." Illustrated with six engravings.
"We earnestly beg the ladies to take this elegantly produced publication under their especial protection. They will find it extremely elegant light reading, mixed up with just enough of the acid of satire to prevent its sweetness from cloying."—*Metropolitan.*

Price 1s.
EMANCIPATION, or the 1st of August, 1834. A splendid Engraving, in mezzotint, by Gleadah, from the celebrated Painting by Rippingille, in memory of the total abolition of Negro Slavery in the British Colonies.

Price 1s. 6d.
THOMAS'S ROAD GUIDE FROM LONDON to TUNBRIDGE WELLS, through Lewisham, Bromley, Farnborough, Seven Oaks, and Tunbridge. With a Map. By James Phippen.

Price 1s. 6d.
THOMAS'S COAST OF SUSSEX.—*A Guide to all the Watering Places of that delightful Country;* being a splendidly engraved Map, illustrated with Views of Arundel Castle and Battle Abbey Gate House.

The greatest obstacle to learning the French Language entirely removed.
Just published, price 1s.
PRIDEAUX'S CONCISE RULES for acquiring the Genders of French Nouns. Price 1s.
"The clearest and most complete of all the numerous publications on the subject."—*P. F. Merlet*, Professor of French to the London University.
"A capital little performance on a grammatical branch, than which there is none more perplexing to the foreign writer or speaker."—*Literary Gazette.*

Just published, price 1s.
JUVENILE ASTRONOMY, *or the Solar System in Verse;* with explanatory Notes, and numerous highly-finished Engravings.
By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD,
Author of a new and improved System of Stenography.

Price 1s., reduced from 2s.
THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD, illustrated with eight exquisitely finished Wood-cuts, from Drawings by Harvey, engraved by Thomson, Nesbit, S. Williams, Jackson, Branston & Wright.

Price 1s. 6d., reduced from 2s. 6d.
THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL GREEN, illustrated with eight exquisitely finished Wood-cuts, from Drawings by Harvey, engraved by Jackson, Nesbit, Thompson, S. and T. Williams, Wright, and Branston.
A few copies may be had printed *entirely* on India paper, price 2s. 6d. each.

THE SHAKSPEARE FORGERIES, 8vo. price 1s. 6d.
VORTIGERN. By the late W. H. IRELAND. Represented at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, April 2, 1796, as a supposed newly discovered drama of Shakspeare's, with a fac-simile of the original manuscript, and an original Preface, written expressly for this edition, by Mr. Ireland, shortly before his decease, and containing a very curious history of his fabrication of the Shakspeare Papers.

Price One Shilling,
THE ANTISEPTIC MANUAL; *or, the Art of Preserving every description of Alimentary Substances,*—Animal and Vegetable, for any length of time, in domestic use, for long voyages, and in hot climates.
"Really a very useful little work; it contains much valuable information upon matters which concern us at our daily meals."—*Sunday Herald.*

## THOMAS'S BURLESQUE DRAMA.

*Just Published, Price* 1s. *each,*

**THE TAILORS,**

(OR "QUADRUPEDS.")

A TRAGEDY FOR WARM WEATHER.

*BY SAM. FOOTE,*

*SUITABLY* ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.

With NINE such CUTS as ought to MAKE A MAN.

**BOMBASTES FURIOSO,**

A Burlesque Tragic Opera.

WITH

DESIGNS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

**TOM THUMB,**

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

**THE MAYOR OF GARRATT.**

OTHERS ARE IN ACTIVE PREPARATION.

*Just Published, price One Shilling.*

THE

**Life of Madame Malibran de Beriot.**

FOURTH EDITION, WITH A PORTRAIT,

BY J. NATHAN,

Author of "Hebrew Melodies," "Musurgia Vocalis," &c.

*Also just Published, price Sixpence,*

MEMOIRS AND ANECDOTES OF

**MR. LOVE,**

THE CELEBRATED POLYPHONIST.